

The Church and the Indians are very deeply indebted to her successful establishment of her Indian congregation. She removed a reproach of four centuries standing from the Church and the Indians, and triumphantly indicated the Catholicity of her Church and the spiritual and mental capacity of her race.

A QUAIN INDIAN LEGEND.

"Why do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of red men and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited, but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

I was sitting at a campfire in a village of Jicarilla Apaches one night, listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all evening listening to the stories, without changing his attitude, grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow, he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the

call, and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly. So he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you know no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood, so when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of the claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood staid on it was lighter. You know all men now paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

HELPED BY THE HOLY SOULS.

It was fair-day in a town of the Pyrenees. This fair is held twice a year only—on the feast of St. Michael, for the 8th of May and the 29th of September. It lasts for several days and is of great importance, for from towns, villages and mountain hamlets the people flock to it in vast numbers.

A busy scene indeed it is; the rush, the shouts, the throng of cattle, the cracking of whips, and the beating of drums, by which attention is called to public announcements of all kinds, are but a few of the sounds and sights that might be enumerated. *Gare! Gare!* (Look out!) is the incessant exclamation of scores of voices, as horses, cows, sheep, oxen, donkeys, and especially pigs, are from time to time crowded together in wild confusion.

It is always a very funny as well as very busy day, thanks to the favorite domestic animal of the country of the Basques.

Pigs are everywhere! If you are